JOSEPH M. FREEDMAN
COUNSELLOR AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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Written on my typewriter. How do you like it?

My precious Tootsie:-

January 27, 1919.

Just received your welcome Friday's letter and can't tell you how disgusted I am with the way the mail is handled. I write every day, including Sunday, so can't understand why the mail is so delayed. I wrote yesterday morning & purposely went down to the Post Office to mail it. I sure do hope you get it in time.

My office is getting on splendidly, sweetheart, am kept a little busy, but no money is coming in. Even as I am writing, I am also talking to a client. He just left. Want me to get his citizenship papers for him. Little by little I'll get his other ~~pot~~ business. It is time it requires a lot of money to settle down, but that should not worry you, dear. I have altogether $37.00 as the typewriter tore a big hole in my finances, but I have enough to get along with. You see, I'm holding this money for my personal expenses, and as soon as I begin collecting some money, I'll fix up the office. Everything I have is second hand, I haven't bought anything but what was necessary. Even if there plenty of typewriters on the market, I'd never get one as cheap & in such a good condition as mine. The only trouble was that I had to pay in cash.

My private office is fixed up pretty well. My desk and chair practically furnish it up, only my reception room is quite bare. Solomon again told me he was going to get me the stuff for it and then both the rooms will begin looking like something.

I suppose by now you received my letter wherein I stated about the Masonic lodge. If, my precious, you feel you can't spare that $20.00, don't send it. I'll explain why $20 is all that is necessary, didn't I?

Toots, I can't express myself in writing as to how I yearn & long for you. Believe me, I sure do want you with me. I'm trying my best so that I can soon call for you. It might be in April, or in May, but I can assure you that if I can help it there won't be any more separation. I feel pretty good, don't get as many headaches and go

out in the evening to make acquaintance, but I can tell you this, I dread the evenings & Sundays. I have nothing to do and when I begin thinking of my lonesomeness, I get so terribly depressed I can hardly even look straight, but don't worry Toots, mine, you just take care of yourself and I'll feel consoled with that. Don't worry about my finance or as to my meals. I'm having all I want, and eat regularly.

I'm sorry, darling, that you haven't much time to spare Mondeau. She wrote me that she misses you as much as she misses me. I can assume you, she means it, too. Anyway, don't forget the Friday night.

Well precious, I will close now, before I get blue and depressed, so let me conclude with all my love to the sweetest, precious, dearest wife in all the world,

Ever lovingly & yearningly yours

Hubby

P.S. Don't worry about me, sweetheart, everything is 100% better than I expected. Take good care of yourself. How is your foot, my property? Don't forget, you are the most precious jewel I possess, or ever will possess. Just received a letter from Edna. Will answer it as soon as I get an opportunity.